

A Biography of Hamlin. to secede from the Union. The author of The Life and Times of Hannibal Ham-this biography, however, does not take this The Life and Times of Hannibal HamIla," by his grandson, Charles Eugene
Hamlin, is a work which should have its
interest for those who are accumulation
books on United States history, and for
those who wish to study the history of the
soul-slavery movement in Maine and its
Congress. Although the author's sympathis are naturally warmly enlated in behalf of his subject, and his convict ons are
those of the radical Federalist of the sayenties, he has, in the main, given a fairminded and impartial view of the great sentiment in the Northern States, and con minded and impartial view of the great characters of Hamlin's time, while his pictures of the Pine Tree statesman blusse f are characterized by the sympathetic and graphic touch of one thoroughly in accord with the character he is endeavoring to portray. It may be laid down as a general rule that the best hographies are those in which the author and the subject are akin, either by blood or temperament; for a man's friends always know him butter than his enemies, and the best of a man is, after all, the nearest to his true character. Unless there is actual peversion of facts, then, the friendly biographer is more to be depended on than the impartial and cold-blooded writer who depends merely on documents for his ideas. The North was ied to believe that the North would not fight. The North was ied to believe that the North would not fight. The North was ied to believe that the North would not fight. The North was led to believe that the North would not fight. The North was ied to believe that the North would not fight. The North was led to believe that the confidence in the South were different from what they actually were. All these things intensified bitterness of feeling, but they did not, after all, affect the actual question at live man one may certainly see in Mr. Charles Hamlin's record of his grandfather's life and work. A part of the material for this book was gathered from the reminiscences of the biographer's father, Gen. Charles Hamlin, who was Senator Hamlin, who was Senator Hamlin, who was Senator Hamlin's right hand man for many years, and during that time gathered facts. been war. those in which the author and the subject

father, Gen. Charles Hamlin, who was Senator Hamlin's right hand man for many years, and during that time gathered facts and manuscripts with the intention of writing the biography himself. John G. Nicolay. Nonh Brooks, and others who were personally acquainted with Lincoln, also furnished some information; and in making up the record of the ante-bellum struggle against slavery the author had access to his grandfather's private correspondence on the subject, including about impossible that the two sections should understand one another or be brought to any sort of agreement except by a trial of force. These facts are clearly brought out in the chapters of this blography which deal with the anti-slavery struggles. The author expresses great respect for some of the Southern leaders, and admits that, as a rule, they were men of higher character and greater ability than most of the Northern Senators and Representathe Northern Senators and Representa-tives. In connection with this he points out one fact which may not be generally spondence on the subject, including about 5,000 letters. Among the illustrations are

ceess to his grandfather's private correspondence on the subject, including about 5,000 letters. Among the illustrations are several fine portraits of Senator Hamlin at different points in his career. The last, representing him at the age of eighty, is expecially fine, and will be recognized by Washington people as a good likeness of the last years of his residence here. There are also portraits of Hamlin's father and mother, of Lincoin, and of nearly all the important leaders on both sides of the great political conflict of the latter fifties.

It may be said that in ancestry, early associations, and education, Hamlin was an typical New Englander of his day. Born on a farm, of a family whose lineage can be traced back to the time of William the Conqueror, when the name was spelled Hamelyn; brought up to understand all kinds of farm work and look forward to college and a professional career; giving up these hopes on account of family troubles, and cheerfully resigning himself to taking charge of the farm during his early manhood; teaching, farming, editing a newspaper, taking part in politics, doing half a dozen things as the need arose before charge of the farm during his early man-hood; teaching, farming, editing a newspa-per, taking part in politics, doing half a dozen things as the need arose before finally settling down to his life-work, his life could be duplicated, at that time, in nearly every farming village of the six New England States. He was one of hundreds of bright ambitions determined finally settling down to his life-work, his life could be duplicated, at that time, in nearly every farming village of the six New England States. He was one of hundreds of bright, ambitious, determined boys, with unbounded faith in themselves and a serene consciousness that in this country a man's career was bounded only by his own ability. The earlier chapters of this biography give not only a vivid pictthis biography give not only a vivid pleture of young Hamlin, but a very good view of a civilization which had now-a, we to that time, been duplicated in any part of the world, and which was so entirely different from that of the South that, in those days of limited facilities for communication, it was no wonder the two sections of the country failed to under-sections of the country fail the should be a section of the country failed to under-sections of the country failed to undercation, it was no wonder the two ctions of the country failed to under-In those days the population of New

England was wholly American, unbroken by any admixture of foreign blood; its in-stitutions were old enough to have become fixed and settled; the general level of edwas probably part of the counucation and prosperity higher than in any other re higher than in any other part of the coun-try, owing to the fact that everyone had a chance at the common schools, and ev-eryone did his share of work, and the eryone did his share of work; and the great characteristic of the people was that they wasted nothing—neither food, nor ness of the population was also an autropy of the part which Hamlin took in the war and the population was also an autropy of the population was a nor men, nor land. The compactlittle temptation to estentatious display of wealth, and every encouragement to the plain, honest virtues of every-day life. Hannibal Hamlin was the product of civilization. Half a century later he it have gone to the West, which is developing much the cause type of the cause, one of whom, Cyrus, died of yellow fever in New Orleans. He also had

this civilization. Half a century later he might have gone to the West, which is now developing much the same type of men out of much the same circumstances—practical equality of opportunity and need for resourcefulness and physical strength. But as it was, he remained a resident of the Pine Tree State. He came of fighting ancestry, three or four of his immediate family having fought with Washington; and it was the most natural Washington; and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should turn into a pugnacious politician. one days the woods of Ma'ne were making some errors.

In those days the woods of Mains were still full of all kinds of game, and young Hannibal became a crack shot and participated in occasional bear hunts. One of the peculiar characteristics of New Entry and the well-meaning in guorance of others made matters and there was no strong man at the the peculiar characteristics of New England life at that time, however, was that the use of firearms on human brings was discouraged. When the young men of Paris Hill, Me, had any trouble to set lethey did it in a wrestling match; and there is a tradition of an encounter which Hamin once had with a blacksmith who was a champion wrestler, but who did not win in that bout.

This book contains an abundance of the foolishness perputrated by Johnson, in the book contains an abundance of the foolishness perputrated by Johnson, in the book contains an abundance of the foolishness to consider. He would undoubtedly have avoided some of the foolishness perputrated by Johnson, in the book contains an abundance of the foolishness perputrated by Johnson, in the believed in radical measures in deal ing with the Southern leaders, and he would probably have been the best-hated man in the whole country before he had completed one year of his term. One of

round out one's conception of a public completed one year of his term. One of man, it shows him to us as he was in his the questions which he asked, with some home and with his friends, and gives us point, at this time, was: "Did we fight glimpses of his method of dealing with down the rebellion to give the South more round out one's conception of a public business acquaintances. One story of his power?"

threwdness in treating a penurious client given the shrewdness in treating a penurious is rather funny. It runs as follows:

"Yes," said the ellent, "that's too much."

with his blandest unite.

"Y-a," the old miser cautionaly admitted,
"one skillin" ain't too much."

e smillin' ain't too much."

. Hamilin made out the deed, and when he ived the shilling he said, in an apparently hal, of band way:

Now, seeing that it's you, I'll give you the I for a shilling, and give you a ireat, be
8. Come swer to the tavern."

1. Hamilin ordered two glames of the old 's favorite beverage, and paid for them with shilling. As the client smacked his lips face lighted up with embosium, and he coust:

broke out:

"Squire, you air the most generous man I ever kies. I'm going to give you my business, be darned if I won't."

Now, this was not what Mr. Hamlin had been looking for, but it is an amusing fact that the cld fellow became a valuable client, and afterward promptly paid Mr. Hamlin's charges without granabling. The same promptness and impatience of needless delay characterized Mr. Hamlin years later, when he was Minister to Spain.

work about the fields and grounds as his strength permitted. An amusing incident, which occurred when Hamlin was more than sixty years old and in the Senate, is recounted by a grandson:

than sixty years old and in the Senate, is recounted by a grandson:

He stood at the end of a large hay-rack, and pitched to a man who was at the other end, and passed the hay up to another man in the barn chamber. These two men were veritable giants, and both farmers. They fell to disputing as to which was the stronger, and the buttle waxed hot. Presently I noticed that they were lifting latter and larger looks which came with great rapidity. They stopped talking, and worked with desperation. All at once the man on the rack staggered up with an intermed lead, and he and the man in the harn chamber between them were unable to lift it in. They collapsed and fell dean parting and apparently exhausted. I had had an inkling of what was going on, and peering out of the burn chamber I saw my grandfather leading on his pitchlork surveying the scene of these two giants sprawling before him. I caught his eye. There was a twinkle in it, as much as to as: "Yout see, my boy, they forgot me." The boys in the yard told me that when the men began to hing they saw my grandfather watching them quietly. Then, without saying a word, be began to hary the other men. There was a smile on his face, but he did not say a word. The twinkle in his eye told the story. stant opportunity for the human property held in the border States to escape over the line into freedom, there should not have been continual conflict on that point. Even Another anecdote, of pathetic interest, is as follows:

is as follows:

One of Mr. Hamlin's old friends was Jere Fatten, a rough jewel, who was drummer in the Hampsien Rifles, of which Mr. Hamlin was captain in his early days. When Fatten began to decline he sent for his old friend to say good-by. He dragged himself to the door of his little farmboase, and putting his hand on Mr. Hamlin's shoulder, said: "I'm going to die, I know nothing about heaven, and I have offered only one prayer; that was when I died I should go where you did."

The man who inspires that sort of affect-

pure English and in dialect, and ranging in form from the sonnet to the most unconventional newspaper verse. Those who read the former work have a right to expect in these poems an absence of the crudeness which characterized some carlier efforts, increased depth of thought and feeling, and, in short, the improvemen which should follow a measure of assured success. They will not be disappointed it would be a poor compliment to say that this is the best book of poems which has appeared during the season of 1898-99, for the fact is that there is scarcely another book in the season's output of verse which at all deserves the name of poetry. These "Lyrics" will therefore have to be judged

by themselves.

Naturally, the dialect pieces will at first Naturally, the dialect pieces will at first attract most attention, since they possess a certain subtle flavor of humor and pathos, a peculiar richness of tone, which many writers of dialect verse have striven after, more or less unsuccessfully. There are between twenty-five and thirty of these and the rest of the book is taken in these, and the rest of the book is taken up with verse in pure English, on almost every conceivable subject. It may be mentioned, among other things, that Mr. Dunbar is probably the first author in the history of English literature to consider in verse the question whether suicide is a sin. There is a quaint originality in some of his verse dealing with ethical questions, as in the quatrain:

THEOLOGY. There is a heaven, for ever, day by day,
The upward longing of my seul doth tell me so.
There is a hell, I'm quite as sure, for, pray,
If there were not, where would my neighbor go?

And here again is a scrap of verse called:

And here again is a scrap of verse called:

MisAPPREHENSION.

Out of my heart, one day, I wrote a song,
With my heart's blood imbood.

Instinct with passion, tremulously strong,
With miles in heart,
Breathing a fortifude
Pain-bought.

And one who claimed much love for what I wrought.

Read and considered it,
And spoke;
"Ay, brother, 'tis well writ,
But where's the poke?"

The completeness of some of these small.

This utterance is the more noteworthy from the fact that Hamlin, one of the most outspoken of the anti-slavery men, went

Hamlin was not a speechmaker in any sense of the word. He talked His speech-es quoted in this book are characterized by nothing remarkable except a certain

consequences of invasion, that it would

most far-sighted of men to have avoided

He felt that since the North had

During the years immediately following

the war Hamlin was occupied near home, but he presently reappeared in the Senate,

ready for work. It is interesting to note that early in that term he made some

gent remarks in regard to wasting the tim of the Senate in talk. He said on one or

The practice heretofore has been to postpoteniness on a motion to allow discussion upo the merit of everything above the earth or he neath the sky. * * The order of business of the Senate is for the Senate to be out of order

casion:

The completeness of some of these small about unarmed, though many of his col-leagues carried revolvers. In all his ca-reer as Congressman and as Senator he never carried a pistol except once, and that was during his early residence at the many thoughts, the author seems to have

ed the ground; and that is a sign of genius.
There is a finish and an airy daintiness
about some of the love songs and other serious poems, which grow on one. "The End of the Chapter," "The Sum," "Wait-ing," "The Paradox," "Dreams," "When All Is Done," "Remembered," and "A Choice," are among the best. Sometimes a whimsical humor is mingled with the sweetness, as in "The Poet and the Baby." Here and there a stronger note is struck, and an example of this is the poem on "The Conquerors," addressed "To the Black Troops in Cuba," which is in part as

Bound the wide earth, from the red field your walor has won,

Blown with the breath of the far-speaking gun

Goes the word. Bravely you spoke through the battle-cloud heavy and dut. Tossed though the speech toward the mist-hid-The world board.

Hell would have shrunk from you seeking it fresh Hell would have shrunk from you are from the fray,
Grim with the dust of the battle, and gray
From the fight.
Heaven would have crowned you with crown not of gold, but of bay,
Owning you lit for the light of her day,
Men of night.

Mr. Dunbar is at his best when he rids himself of certain Longfellow-like bourgeois qualities (which have branded half our American verse since the Cambridge post lived) and gets out of commonplace easures and metaphors into new realms of thought. Some of his dialect verse mayors of Riley, but more of it does not, and is thoroughly individual. His way of looking at things is his own, and, when not obscured by hackneyed means of expression, cannot fail to prove fascinating. It is by no means necessary that he confine himself to plantation dialect in order to effect this result, for "The Sum, given the blood of her bravest to secure freedom to the negro, that freedom ought to be made absolute; and he was in favor of "Life," and two or three of his other po Is rather furny. It runs as follows:

One of the richest men in Penalscot county lived near Hampden. He was very parsimonians, in fact, his neighbors said he was "meaner than a similar." He sold some land one day, and being in Hampden called on Mr. Hamila to get him to draw up the deed. He first enquired bow much this transaction would cost him. Snowing the peculiarity of the old man, Mr. Hamila thought he would see how far his meanness would carry him, and so he replied that the law allowed him 5° cents. There he added:

"Do you think that's too much?"

"Yes, yes; that's altogether too much," to pilled the old man, shaking his head and contracting bis this lips.

"Well," continued Mr. Hamila, sarvely, "do you think that two shillings would be too much?"

"Yes," said the color, "that's too man, and the animosity between the two sections did not encourage such residence or the colonure."

"Yes," said the color, "that's too man, and will probably many devotees of Tennyson and some the said of the colonure of the colonure of the test poetry of the last five years, and it indicates, if any thing that two shillings would be too much." ems written in pure English are certain to form a part of American literature from this time on. There is less of the Longand the animosity between the two sec-tions did not encourage such residence or conduce to the calightenment of Northernand Browning on the ground that it is not

poerry at all.

Of the dialect verse there are at least a dozen poems which paint as many phases of negro life vividly and skillfully. The possibilities of plantation language have seldom been so well brought out. There are pictures in almost every line, and the humor is of a kind which makes the reader laugh with sudden delight and discover the laugh with sudden delight and discover the laugh with sudden delight and discover the reason afterward. It is rollicking, subtle, unexpected, mischlevous, quite spontaneous, and magnetic with the charm of that race whose odditles and subtleties no white man has ever quite fathomed. As the Southern man delights in studying human nature in "the quarters," so the Northerner, with less familiar but quite as keen an interest, may study the life of a race in this score or more of poems. There is human nature as well as negro nature all

Mr. Hamlin's old age at his home in Maine, after his retirement from public life. He was always fond of farm life, and to the end of his days liked to engage in such Here is the first stanza of the "Lui-

Bedrine's come to little boys. Po' little land.

Teo tiaird out to make a noise,
Po' ortic land.

Teo tiaird out to make a noise,
Po' ortic land.

You gwins t' 'have to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tel' me dat befe'.
Dun't you fool me, chile, no me',
Po' little samb.

The "Back Log Song" will wake a responsive chord in everyone who knows of the Christmas customs on a Southern plan-tation. One merry verse of it runs as follows:

Dey's a wo'kin' in de qua'taba a preparin' su' de So de little pigs is feelin' kind o' shy. De chickens am't so trus ful en dey was, to se

the least,
An' de wise of hers is receitin' mighty ligh.
You contin't git a gobbiah fu' to look you in de
face.
I ain't sayin' whoit de ru'ky 'spec's is true;
But hit's noutrly dump' one trav'lin' fu' de critters on de place.
From de time dat log commence a bu'nin' thou

"Angelina" and "Whistiin' Sam," "Pos-sum," and "Lovah's Lane." The broad comic element is represented in the skill comic element is represented in the skit called "Jealous," which pictures the effect produced by the gorgeous new clothes of one Caesar Higgins. In conclusion it may be said that Mr. Bunbar has mastered one very difficult art—that of putting pure nathes, into a dislect noon without pathos into a dialect poem without letting it fall into bathos. It is next to impossible to render into verse tragedies of old-time slave life.

he orecas is shown cross de day,
My lady, my lady;
De ship hit teks me far away,
My lady, my lady,
Ole Mas' done sol' me down de stream—
Dey tell me 't ain't so had's hit seem,
My lady, my lady, O' co'se I knows dat you'll be true,

My lady, my lady;
But den l don' know what to do,
My lady, my lady.
I knowed some day we'd have to pa't,
But den hit put' nigh breaks my hea't,
My lady, my lady. De day is long, de night is black,
My lady, my lady.
I know you'll wait twell I come back,
My lady, my lady.
I'll stan' de ship, I'll stan' de chain,
But I'll come back, my darlin' Jane,
My lady, my lady.

Jes' wait, jes' b'lieve in what I say,
My lady, my lady.
D' ain't nothin' dat kin keep me 'way,
My lady, my lady.
A man's a man, an' love is love;
God knows oush hea'ts, my little dove;
He'll he'p us I'om his th'one above,
My lady, my lady;

The simplicity of this little lyric makes those melodies are to music—the expres-sion of a racial genius. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Washington: Purcell.

matis personae include Mexicans, Indians, a half-breed Texan, and two or three Americans, one of whom is the hero of the clure's' is "At Ninety Miles an Hour," a community of Santiago as Don Estevan, is a prospector drawn to this country of Ina prospector drawn to this country of Indians and Mexicans by the story of an old silver mine existing among the mountains, and known to the Pueblos by tradition. Like many other mines, however, it is hidden from white men by inexorable indian law, since the hair-civilized fribes are possessed by the double reach that they will be killed with labor as the Spamson willed their fathers, or be driven off their land by eager American prespectors. This is a very pretty plot as it stands, with the intimate knowledge of Indian tradition and custom shown by the author, but there is more in the book than this.

Mr. Townshend has used enough material to make three tules of adventure in enriching this one book, but the result is pleasing. There is a thread of romance running from the first chapter to the last, in the love-affair of an Indian youth and maid, to whom Stephens, fivelly and the state medical to make the or a thread of romance with the soul than with the healing of the body. It is the story of maid to whom Stephens, fivelly and the state medical to whom Stephens, fivelly and the state medical to whom Stephens, fivelly are stated to much attention to "Trewinnet of Guy's." But the new book deals more running from the first chapter to the last, in the love-affair of an Indian youth and maid, to whom Stephens, fivelly and the state medical throwledge that attended to whom Stephens, fivelly are stated to much attention to "Trewinnet of Guy's." But the new book deals more with the cancer of sin in the soul than with the healing of the body. It is the story of

running from the first chapter to the inst, in the love-affair of ah Indian youth and maid, to whom Stephens finally proves guardian angel; there is Stephens own half-realized love-affair for Manuellin, daughter of a Mexican ranch-owner, and there is exciting incident and adventure growing out of a cunning combination of all these elements. But the most remarkable thing in the book, after all, is the development of the character of Stephens, who is in many ways a typical Western who is in many ways a typical Western is in many ways a typical man-half-educated, quick-witted, re-sourceful, chivairous, courageous to the point of foolhardiness. His figure is that of a Viking, but he has all the individuality of a real man. He is the sort of n to whom the Westerner, in the turmoil of Indian wars, refers simply as "a white man;" he has "sand;" he is ready to do "the square thing," as he sees it, to red man or white; and some of his tre man or white; and some of his troubles come from a very large-hearted readiness to believe that others will also do "the square thing." One of the things which give this story its atmosphere of realism is that one is not to find out the villain and the non-villain—there is but one hero—by experience, just as John Stephens himself does.

There is no chance to foresec the end of There is no chance to foresec the end of the story, the plot is not of the kind which can be unrayeled from the beginning. It is rather a rare thing to find an author capable of telling a good story well and at the same time drawing each character with a graphic and skillful touch; but this au-thor can. Stephens is a here worth know-ing. There are some men of his sort in the Philipoines may and there be ing. There are some men of his sort in the Philippines now, and there have been many more of them in frontier wars in the West. It should be noted, by the way, that Mr. Townshend draws his Indians with the same precision as his white men and Mexicans. While he is not prejudiced in favor of the Indian, especially the hostile tribes, he makes every man individual and makes executed distinguishes between the makes careful distinctions between treacherous red ruffian, crazy with whisky, and the peaceable Pueblo whose laws and istoms are quite as well reasoned and enorced as those of ordinary white me this writer of romances will give to American literature half a dozen more tales of the West, written with the vigor and artistic finish of this one, he will have made a valuable contribution to the records of a life now fast disappearing. (New York) G. P. Putnam & Sons.)

"By Berwen Banks" is a new story by Allen Raine, author of "Mifanwy," "Torn Salls," and other Welsa romances. There is not as much Welsh dialect in this book as in its predecessors, and there is rather more human interest. It is a preity and pathetic little story of two lovers, for whom one's sympathy is instantly enlisted on account of their levable qualities, but who are separated through the religious prejudices entertained by their respective guardians. After more trouble than the average reader will see any use in, they are finally reunited, and all goes merry a marriage bell always does when it rings in the last chapter, sits a weary chase of 300-odd pages to reach the altar. The local color of this story is well managed, an there is not too much of it; the characte there is not too much of it; the drawing is carefully and dainti and the heroine. Valmai is as charming as his daisy. The whole atmosph the book is exquisitely free atmospher Now, this was not what Mr. Hamlin had been looking for, but it is an annuing fact that the cold fellow became a valuable client, and after when he was Minister to Spain. He recounts in a letter, with considerable in this score or more of poems. There is human nature as well as negro nature all through them, and that is why they are so through them, and that is why they are so through them, and that is why they are so through them, and that is why they are so do an set on the spot.

They were really surprised that I wanted to do an set on the spot.

There are some charming pictures in the closing chapters of the biography of careesing, all womanhood speaks through land. (New York: DiAppleton & Co. \$1.)

LITERARY NOTES.

The April number of "Harper's Magazine" contains four war articles "The Trial of the Oregon," by L. A. Beardslee, Rear Asimiral, United States Navy, "The Rescue of Admiral Cervera; the Narrative of an American Blu-jacket," by Peter Keller, Beatswain's Mate on the Gioucester; "Henor to Whom Honor is Due," by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum, and the third of Schator Lodge's papers on the Spanish-American war. A romance called The Princess Xenia, by H. B. Marriott-Watson, begins in this number, and there is a story by Brander Matthews, one by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, and a somewhat unusual little sketch of Turkish life by Chalmer Beharts under the title. The Chalmers Roberts, under the title "The Sad Case of the Princess Esme." The de-scriptive articles are "Aspects of Rome." by Arthur Symons, and "Tairteen Days in Fons de time dat log commence a bu'nin' theo.

Nothing better exists in this line than
Angelina' and "Whitelin' Sam" "Pos.

's a historical paper by Amelia Barr.

The "Atlantic Monthly" for April contains two remarkable and rather significant articles, "A New England Hill Town," by Rollin Lynde Hartt, and "Improvement in City Life," by Charles Mul-ford Robinson, and each derives increased interest from the fact that it is but the beginning of a series. "The Mystery of Evil" is a strong and interesting paper by John Fiske; "Cromwell; a Tr.c n.enary Study," by Samuel Harden Church, sugverse tragedies of old-time slave life, because those who experienced them had but limited power of expression, and the complicated rheteric of ordinary tragic poetry is unsuited to the theme. In "Parted," for example, we find the slave husband trying to comfort his wife, from whom he has been sold away, and there is a sob in every broken cadence, the touching faith of a loving, aching heart in every line:

De breeze is blowin' 'cross de bay, My lady, my lady;
De ship hit teks me far away,

My tady, my lady;
My tady, my lady.

My tady, my lady,
My tady, my lady.

The April "Century" contains an interesting article on "The Surrender at Manila," by John T. McCutchcon, the only artist who by John T. McCutchcon, the only artist who happened to be on the spot when that great event took place. There is also an article on "The Capture of Manila," by General Greene, and one on "The Atlantic Fleet in the Spanish War," by Admiral Sampson. "General Sherman in Russia" is made up of extracts from the diarry of Gen. W. T. Sherman. "Cities of Hell" is a poem of striking conception, by Stephen Phillips of striking conception, by Stephen Phil-lips. Abbe Carter Goodloe contributes a well-written though slightly improbable tale called "Jack."

The April number of "Scribner's Magazine" contains a richly illustrated article by Frederick Palmer, entitled "A Winter Journey to the Klondyke," continuations of Roosevelt's history of the Rough Riders and Stevenson's Letters, and "Political Reminiscences," by Senator Hoar. A story of unusual merit is "The City Editor's Conscience," by Jesse Lynch Williams, who is one of the few men who have been able to reproduce in fiction the atmosphere The simplicity of this little lyric makes it seem easy of accomplishment, but it is not so easy as it looks. The old piantation songs have never been successfully imitated, and this is to literature what those melodies are to music—the expres-C. R. Dorr.

One of the features of the April "Cosmopolitan" is the beginning of Count Tolstoy's

The feature of the April number of "Mca prospector drawn to this country of In- Brooks Adams writes of "The New Strug-

the healing of the body. It is the story of a great and cowardly wrong that was do to a woman, and of the slow, but terri-working-out of the punishment.

"Men's Tragedies" is the title of a volis in press for immediate publication.

The April number of the "Pail Mail Magazine" has for its frontispiece an exquisite photogravure after Orchardson's famous picture, "The Farmer's Daughter." A strong poem by W. C. Scully, of Cape Colony, entitled "Prayer of the Cattle Smitten with Rinderpest." heads a most attractive table of contents.

"Punch." made his first contribution to that periodical when he was twenty-seven, and has been on its staff ever since. His published works include "Happy Thoughts," "The Modern Saufford and Merton," "New Light on Darkest Africa." "Strapmore," etc. He is the author of about a bundred plays, chiefly burlesqueand light comelles; among the latter "The Colonel," a sailre on the sesthetic craze of the period, which enjoyed a great success

"Out of Mulberry Street" is a new book by Jacob A. Riis. It is a book of stories, whose character is clearly indicated by the name of the author grad the title of the book. It can hardly be called fiction; it is too true to life.

"Electricity in Town and County Hous-es," by Percy Scrutton, is the title of a popular, practical, and fully illustrated handbook to be issued immediately

A new work by R. Kearton, F. Z. S., en-tled "Wild Life at Home," is announc-i. The book contains pictures of a skylark feeding her young in the middle of a 10-acre field, a pied blackbird at her nest, a great skua in the act of knocking a man's cap off his head, a lizard basking in the sun, fish swimming in the water leveris in their form, a bumble bec asleep on a blue bell, and butterflies on flowers, all photographic direct from nature and is a worthy successor of the suthor's now famous book. With Nature and a Camera."

Of great interest to the scientific world will be found "Among the Himalayas," by Major L. A. Waddell. This intrepld scientist and explorer penetrated through a sea of mountains to the borders of Tiber, where be was unfortunately turned back by the military guard holding the passes. He spent fourteen years in this region on the "Roof of the World," which is interlished by the New Amsterdam Book Comcany early in March, with numerous phe ographs of this weird region.

Books Received.

'Letters to a Mother on the Philosophy of Proceed," Susan E. Blow, D. Angle-Susan E. Blow. D. Apple ton & Co. \$1.50

ice Queen's Carland: Being Chosen Lyr-ics of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth." Selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington. Hlustrated. New York: R. H. Russell & Co., nfirmation." Compiled by the Most Reverend Ashton Oxender, Bishop of

New York: E. R. Herrick & Co. Paper.

The Story of Geographical Discovery,"
Joseph Jacobs. New York D. Appleton & Co., in Library of Useful Stories.

And Then Came Spring Garret Van Askel. New York: E. R. Herrick & Co. 50 cents.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Prayer of the Cattle Smitten With Rinderpeal. ed of Heaven, through on high

But, Lord of pity, Lord most just,
The bitting wrath today hath smitten
Our helpless host; prone in the dust
We lie. Lord God, the word stands writts
That word of truth the strong voice burles
Which, like a mantle, wrapped the world

Of sparrows, lord, thou tak'st the tale; Oh, many sparrows, worth are we;
Oh, many sparrows, worth are we;
Stem then the tide of this travail
Which whelms us as a borning sea.
Which makes our breath a fire to siny
Our fellows. Lord, thy strong wrath stay.

Oh, Lord, the Christ! who 'neath a load

Of sin and sorrow bent thy neck.
Who bere on Calvary's steep road
The cross that stemmed creation's weel
Though men who wear thy badge deny
Thy name, upon that name we cry.

Men crucified thee; men today
Defile the attenderacing church—
We know not sin; our lumble way
Leads not e'en to the temple's perch;
We are as those the kind land raised
The poor, that hence the name have praised.

Ours is the meckness that endures; Ours at the measuress that radires; Our patience, like a steadfast tree, Stands in the torrent pain that pours. And sweeps all else to some dark sea. The patient bovine race undest is earth's sad, dumb, pathetic guest.

Sue for us now, Lord Christ, mild Son - Of you dread Father throned apart. See for us now, O pitying one,
Till thy sweet pity rend his heart.
See for us, Christ, compassionate,
Melt with thy tears the eyes of Fate.

The hour is late, our sun sinks low
Behind a storm-ord western cloud;
Tho' Death be weiff, his steps seem slow;
Pain wraps us in a burning stroud.
Plead for us, O compassionate
Plead for us, Christ; the hour is late.
—William Charles Scully.

The Dancing Lights

rom out the country spaces, cool and clear We flash into the many of city streets,

What pageant this that straightway dots apportunity what land of facry that our vision greets?

A feast of lights! And as we roll along.
As if each one some lovely dancer held,
They interweave as to come choric song.
Which from the dark mysteriously welled.

To whose soft time the dancers round and no Move in a rapture tremulous and interpe, with langerous paces that make faintest so And ever duller and more drowny sense.

The dancing lights! Too lingeringly I gazed On their warm motions till, as one who reel When by some beautoous, blinding vision dans And then, tack to himself rejurning, feels

Right glad of heart; so, then, It was with m

As, looking up, I saw the hearen's calm Shedding the light of stars so ulently That on my heart that stillness fell like balm.

Far off and cool, such in his perfect sphere, Held, as if motionless, his awful way; Star unto star discoursing crystal clear. As when they sang creation's primal lay.

Ah, met I would that when the dancing lights Of wayward passion seek my soul to sway With their wild motion, from those nearer sights I might be strong to harm my eyes away

To where th' eternal stars so purely shine— Truth, Beauty, Good—and by that vidoo blest— Lifting my heart to make its clearness mine, Taste, then, earth-bound, the everlasting ret.—John White Chadwick.

Three Crosses.

Whom angels comforted; They touched his lips with heavenly wine In those dark hours of dread.

There were three crosses on the hill, Three shadows downward thrown; O Mary, Mother, heard you not The other mother's mean?

For him all nature meanned; the sun Veiled its respleadent face; Darkness and tumult for his sake Filled all the awful space;

O Mary, Mother, sitting now Enthroned beside your sen,

You knew even then the glorious For which the deed was denel

You saw the ages bending low. In homoge at his feet; You heard the songs of triumph And the music piercing sweet.

Three crosses on dark Calvary's hill— Three awful shadows thrown; Three mothers, faint with anguish sore, Making to God their mean.

But they, those other mothers, who Bent down to comfort them? They cowered sair; they had not dared To touch your garment's hem.

They loved like you. Their sons had lain

Even if in mockery your son Was crowned and halfed as king-While theirs—disgraced, dishonored, Past all imagining?

Like yours in sinless rest; Cradied to slamber, sort and deep, On each foul, faithful breast.

Yet now the terror and the shame The agony untield; The deathless mother love, unquenched By harvors manifold.

Congentulations to a Critic

You call my story crude, and plainly hint My latest tale has really nothing in't.

You say my style is auful, and you show The thought is hary, and the action's slow

You prove the plot is older than the hills,

The hereine's a punde, the heres pi And forcibly you try to demonstrate I never rightly learned to punctuate.

You've penned these self-same words On books I've published in the days of And still you speak with that seidily Which some six dozen times you've sh

So, critic, let me say this word to you. Your mission's not to lie, but to be true And as I read my novel o'er tonight, Let me confess I think for once you're:

Dream on, for dreams are sweet; Do not awaken! Dream on, and at the feet Pemegranates shall be shaken.

Of life to morning?
'Tis like the night, in truth,
Rose-colored dreams aderning.

In Lethe's soothing stream
Thy thirst thy slakest.
Sleep, steep; 't is sweet to dream
Ob, weep when thou analyst.
— Paul-Lancuce Dunbar.

The Peet and the Baby.

How's a man to write a counci, can you tell.
How's he going to wrave the dim, portic spell,
When a raddling on the floor.
Is the noise he must adors,
And this muse be loves, not wisely, but too well

Now, to write a senset, everyone allows, One must always be as quiet as a mouse; But to write one seims to me Quite superfluors to be, When yea're got a little senset in the house

Just a deinty little poem, true and fine,
That is full of love and life in every line,
Earnest, delicate, and sweet,
Altogether so complete,
That I wonder what's the use of writing mine,
Paul Laurence Danker,

Distinction.

Angrymous.

Who likeneth the youth

Your Son-He was the Holy One.

Who is the champion professional skater of the world? 2. Who is the champion amateur scater of America? T. II. J. Nilmen, of Minneapolis. 2. J. K. Mc-lulloch, of Winnipeg. Look downward with allowing eye, Look hisher our dismard upon. Steed from the sext of boundless power, Begard on this our pusion bout. Representatives? For think; but yesterday the wold.

Was exarred with happy, mild-eyed kine,
Fair exen through bright pactures strolled.
(Dread Lord, then saulest we were thine)
The strong builts gendered in their heat
Commanded from thy mercy seat.

How many members are there in the Bouse of Representatives.

There are 257. The basis of representation by the census of 1899, which will hold force until 1903, is one Congressman for every 173,901 of population.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Does any government, the United States ex-opted, have a l-cent piece? OAKPALE.

Canada does, also Liberia. There are several countries, too, that have copper coins of the same value as our cent, but they give them different names, as the cen-tavo. Mexico; the att, Siam, and the cente-almo, of the Argentine Republic.

What has been the expense to us of the war

in money already appropriated by Con-gress, \$482,562,682; but a calculation that includes, besides this, estimates of State expenditures, war claims, interest on war debt, private contributions, pensions result-ing directly from this war and the loss of the soldiers productive labor, make it out a billion-dollar contest.

What party in France condemned Tom Paines to death? When did he die, and at what age? W. A. P.

It was the faction of Robespierre that aused Paine's imprisonment. Paine had written a vindication of the French Revolution, which made him tremendously popular in France and led to his election to the French national convention. Then he courageously opposed the execution of the King, advocating his banishment to America. His escape from the guillotine was close. He came to America in 180° only close. He came to America in 1802 and died in New York, in 1809, in his sixtythird year.

Please tell something regarding the life and leath of Bruno. Was he a Christian? MORELIGHT.

Early in life he was a Christian, but he rejected the orthodox doctrines of the church, and after being imprisoned seven years for heresy was burned as a heretic. He was born at Nola in the kingdom of Naples in 1548, entered the Dominican or der in 1362, and was burned at Rome Februay 17, 1600. He was an independent and speculative thinker at a time when it was dangerous to be so. Some of his works have been translated into German within

What are the French spoliation claims, for chich Congress has appropriated \$3,100,000? E. O. L.

They arose from damages done by the They arose from damages done by the French to American ships and cargoes prior to the convention of 1891. The United States urged these claims, putting them at \$20,000,000, and France made a far greater counterclaim for damages due to our falure to observe treaty obligations. The convention was, in effect, a mutual surrender, and the United States became responsible to its citizens for their claims. sponsible to its citizens for their claim For the next eighty-four years the mat-ter was repeatedly before Congress, en-gaging the flower of our stock of statesmen lawyers, but it was not until June 15 1885, that it took a decided step forward,

Please give the names and titles of the rulers of the following countries: Afglanistan, Balinchistan, Montenegro, and Tripoti. 2. Who are the Presidents of Argentina, Colombia, Guatemala, Paraguay, Peru, and Saitzerland? D. G. C.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is Abdur Rahman Khan; the Khan of Baluchistan is Mir Mahmud; the Prince of Montenegro is Nicholas; Tripoli is subject to Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey, whose only African possession it is. 2. The President of Argentina is Julio A. Roca; Colombia's President is General Online Colombia's President is General Quinto Calderon; Manuel Estrado Cabrera is President of Guatemala; General Accoul is President of Paraguay; Gen. Nicola Pierola is in like in Peru, and Switzerland's President is M. Mueller.

How far back does what is accepted as au-thentic history extend? 2. How far back does authentic Masonic history extend? M. N.

To the invention of writing, and to its replacing oral tradition, which was unre-liable. Writing was first applied to the temples of the Egyptians and Pabylonians, but just when is not known. The inven-And you-the sword that piercel your heart, Grave prophets had foretond; You saw the crowd above the cross Clear shining as of old! tion of papyrus as a writing material was a stride ahead that came later about 4000 B. C., it is believed. 2 Masonry is so ancient that neither the time nor the place of its origin is known. Legends have it start with the building of the Temple by Solomon, and different writers credit Ma-sonry with widely different origins. The present form of organization was adopted in 1717, and from that date its history is authentic. Prior to that time it was hard-ly allowable to write anything about it, hence the difficulty of tracing its history.

Please give me some information about Erica-ton, the date of his death, his inventions, and how he ranks as an inventor. RIVERSIDE,

To list his inventions with barest men-tion of each would fill this column, but they were for the most part in two direc-tions—to improve methods of defence in war and to provide some substitute for the steam engine or to diminish its waste of steam. His Monitor is the achievement for which he is best known, but at ten years of age he designed a pump to drain a mine and he kept hard at work till the day of his death, in his eighty-sixth year, work-ing twelve or fourieen hours a day. As early as 1829 he designed a locomotive that ran a mile in fifty-six seconds. He made the first use of the centrifugal fan-blower; was the first man to employ a range finder for artillery, made the first successful application of the screw to steam navigation and the first successful application of the screw to steam navigation. Three crosses on the dreadful hill,
Three shadows downward thrown,
Mother of Sorrows thou hast home
Not one sharp jumg alone?

Juffa C, R. Deer, tion, and put out scores of other hold inful. His last years were spent in study-ing soint physics, and he left behind a solar engine as a legacy for the time when the world's coal mines shall be exhausted. So, worst's coal mines shall be exhausted. So, as an inventor, he ranked very high indeed. He died in New York, March 8, 1889, on the anniversary of the hattle between the Monitor and the Merrimae. The Swedish government asked that his remains be transferred to his native land and they were taken to Stockholm by the

> E. J. A.: Consult with the highest official in the Navy Department to whom you can get a good letter of introduction. D. R. W.: You do not state what country minted your half-pennics, but we cannot find that half-pence of any country of your dates are listed as valuably rare. M. E.: Your question is too indefinite for answer, but here is a suggestion. Fix definitely upon some branch of study, and then consult, personally, a teacher of that branch, or get your selvice as to books from a good

Ech : Enlisted men in the regular army have a chance for commissions, but it is a slim one. J. D. J. January 29, 1872, fell on Monday, as did October 1, 1860, R. T. L. Civil service examinations are the L. Civil service examinations are held twice a year in every State and Torritory of the Union. N. O. S.: One of the Younger brothers died in the Munesota pentientiary. Two remain there, have been exemplary pricohers, and hope for release through the legislature. Grand Jury. Sleep o' nights! Our prisoners are not filled unlawfully and unconstitutionally with prisoners not do our criminal. ally with prisoners, nor do our criminal courts habitually ignore the Constitution of the United States. It's a serious error for a man to get such mistaken ideas into his head.

C. E. G.: Eastern time holds from Calais, Me., to Newaris, Ohio; central time from the latter to a point about half way be-tween St. Louis and Denver; mountain time then holds to about half way between Denver and Sacramento, and from there to the coast Pacific time is standard. Kingston Sub.: You can get information about Mexico by applying to the Bureau of American Republics. You are prolably better off in these United States than you would be in Mexico. Les Miserables. The authorship of "The Arabian Nights" is not known. Ignorance: The closing ex-ercises of a school or callege are correctly styled commencement, if the exercises mark the commencement by the students of new studies or duties in life.